

SEEING HAWAII FIRST

By WILL WAYNE

Volunteers could be written around the recent trip of the Honolulu Ad Club to Hilo; the visit in the city; the trip along the Hilo railroad; the visit to the fair of Madam Pele, Rainbow Falls, Boiling Pots and the thousand and one scenic grandeur that the island of Hawaii has to offer. However, it would require the pen of a Dickens faithfully to describe all that passed before the vision of the half-hundred well-satisfied persons who went to make up the personnel of the Ad Club party; the typewriter being ill-attuned to the gigantic task and delicate technique of the undertaking, the present writer being limited in space necessary to tell the long and highly interesting story and, unfortunately, not endowed by nature with the ability adequately to convey a word-picture which would do justice to the accomplishments of nature in her handiwork on the Big Island.

At the start it might be stated that a number of those who enjoyed the hospitality of the Ad Club were making their first visit to Hawaii and were, to a certain extent, skeptical as to their enjoyment of the outing, aside from the trip to the volcano, which they desired to visit for its novelty. These first-trippers, of whom the writer was one, returned to Honolulu well repaid for the time spent, agreeably surprised and astounded at the myriad of points of interest and wonders of nature and staunch boosters for Hawaii as one of the world's show places. As a matter of fact, the volcano, which was the only point of interest that had been brought to the attention of the stranger, was merely an incident of the trip. Gorgeous beyond description, awe-inspiring in its every detail and one of the wonders of the world, the volcano would have repaid any member of the party, but without the volcano Hawaii would still be possessed of sufficient points of interest to make her the Mecca of the western tourist world—provided the prospective tourists were only apprised of their existence.

Nature Smiles on Ad Club

There is one railroad in the United States that proudly and rightly so—boasts that it is "The line of a thousand wonders." Some boast that—and the railroad makes good. If the railroad referred to could transplant the scenic beauties of the Hilo railroad to the mainland, its advertising agent would increase his figures at least 100 per cent. and could he secure the services of Mr. L. A. Thurston to give descriptive talks on those same beauties, it would require a solid line of cars to move the travelers who eagerly would embrace an opportunity to feast their eyes on those marvelous scenes.

From Hilo to Paauilo the road traverses a distance of but thirty-three and seven-tenths miles and in that short distance has 172 water openings, made necessary by the copious weepings of nature above Mauna Kea. This, however, need not be taken to indicate that the heavens above the Big Island are constantly overcast. Such is an error. At least during the visit of the Ad Club Dame Nature was in high good humor and persisted in wearing a continuous smile.

To revert to the scenic beauty of the railroad. A large number of these water openings are to accommodate the discharge of waterfalls greatly superior for size and beauty to many on the mainland, that are visited by thousands of tourists annually.

Nor do the numerous waterways constitute all of the scenes of interest along the railroad. In fact the road, without the aid of the water still would be an able competitor of the mainland line already referred to. Treaties that are the acme of perfection of the engineering art span chasms along the line of the railroad that compare most favorably with the much heralded scenic beauties of the Rockies. The road crawls along the sides of steep, precipitous hills, sheer cliffs, and boasts a horseshoe curve that is the equal of any and superior to some of the several that curve that is the equal of any and premier attractions of mainland railroads.

Continual Round of Surprises.

The railroad trip, which consumed not more than four hours time, proved a revelation to the above mentioned skeptics. It alone was a sight that would have been later developed to the distance to see but later developments showed that it was simply an eye-opener to the wonders of the island that were to be revealed to the party.

The scenery on the ocean side of the road, throughout, is equal to that on the land side where the beautiful



No. 1—Rainbow Falls, one of Hawaii's beautiful show-places. No. 2—Group of Ad Club party excursion members just ascending from Madam Pele's reception room. No. 3—Group at the edge of the crater. No. 4—Monuments erected by Kilauea during the ages.

waterfalls trickle down to add their quota to Father Neptune's domains.

The railroad trip was not concluded until Mr. Thurston, as host to the visitors, had escorted them to the mammoth new wharf in Kulu Bay, where three vessels, including a pair of ocean greyhounds will find ample accommodation within the near future. With the removal of two small sandbars and the erection of the sheds, Hilo will boast a harbor that has no superior on the Pacific ocean.

Upon the return from the wharf the party was met at Waiakae by Manager Wright of the Volcano Station, who, together with a corps of assistants, became master of ceremonies on the trip to the Volcano House, where Sunday, the first night on the island was spent.

Having hardly recovered from the vastness of the beauty of the railroad trip, the newcomers, nevertheless, were ready for additional surprises, which came in the automobile trip towards the eternal fire of Kilauea. Tropical scenery that brought surprise and pleasure greeted the eyes along, almost, the entire trip. Beautiful flowers, that one is used to finding in cultivated gardens, blossom in wild profusion along this thirty mile road, and, incidentally, the road is about as fine as any that can be found in any section of the United States. Smooth as glass, void of dust and flanked by foliage that is a constant panorama of beauty, it is a trip which one never tires of. Not a dull moment is spent along the entire road. Its conditions makes for comfort, and its beauty for enjoyment, a combination that is hard to find, and one which the tourist is ever seeking.

Arriving at the Volcano House, Manager Lycurgus succeeded Mr. Wright at entertainer and performed his duties equally as well. The latter had brought pleasure to the eye during the trip from Hilo, while the former took care of the inner man in a style that befitted the visit of the booster of organization from Honolulu.

Sightseers Early are Astir.

Following the repast, which was a most welcome one, Professor Jaggar, director of the Kilauea observatory, delivered an interesting lecture on Madam Pele, adding to the entertainment with beautifully colored illustrations of the world's premier volcanoes. The lecture tended to whet the visual appetite for a view of the Madam which was to come the following morning. A tired, though pleased aggregation courted Morpheus at an early hour, availing themselves of blankets, and enjoying a well earned rest in anticipation of more pleasant surprises on the morrow.

Long before the sun had cleared her eyes of the cobwebs of the night, the party was astir, and ready, once more, to do justice to the efforts of the Volcano house chef. In fact, several members of the party were up before three o'clock, and off on the trip to Kilauea, which is one of the treats of Hawaii that the writer mentioned a second pilgrimage in order to enjoy.

The glories of Kilauea, her vastness and awe-inspiring grandeur have often been told by able writers, consequently we will dismiss that portion of the sight-seeing tour with a few words on the journey from the Volcano House to the mouth of the crater. Another pleasant surprise was in store for the first-tripper. Seven miles of road were

traversed that, if possible, were superior from a point of beauty to the road covered the previous evening. The same wild profusion of flowers was in evidence, banked by mammoth tree ferns that would be worth small fortunes in the grounds of the wealthy of the mainland cities. Huge dead craters, almost bottomless, reminders of the days when the earth's bowels boiled upwards and outwards in the muffled mutterings of the angry predecessors. Huge natural amphitheatres, whose seating capacity, were it possible to use them for such a purpose, would be numbered in hundreds of thousands. And then Kilauea itself, its vastness, its greatness. Food for thought, and signal for silence. One could but gaze down into that mammoth pit, knowing through the lectures of Professor Jaggar, on the previous night, that raging below was a fire that will only be cooled in the distant ages—if ever. All around was the handiwork of the Madam. Her trademark was everywhere; almost as far as the eye could reach. For two hours the visitors tramped over the lava bed, left calling cards in Madam Pele's reception room—some call it her kitchen—burned cards as souvenirs and grown men and women played like school children over a fire whose vastness is indescribable and which breathed her hot breath into their very faces. Then commenced the return trip to Hilo, a retraveling of the road of beauty to further surprises and delights.

Nature Lavish in Efforts.

But a stone-throw from the heart of the city of Hilo is located one of the grandest scenes on the island, Rainbow Falls; while a short distance beyond this are the Boiling Pots, where nature has extended herself to the utmost in the manufacture of scenery. Not one possibility has she overlooked in her plans to appeal to the eye and her efforts have not been in vain. Far from it, she has accomplished something that, once more, beggars description. As the visitors stood upon the little bridge, swaying in the wind at a considerable distance from mother earth, and gazed above the pots, a beautiful twin-waterfall met the vision; the water flowing majestically over rocks and crags and finally losing itself in a series of miniature whirlpools, or burrowing underground but to reappear within a few feet, bubbling into beautiful pools that convey the impression from which the scene is named. Nor has nature ceased her efforts after her marvelous aquatic display, she has expended every energy to make of the entire scene one that will leave a lasting impression, one that will not satisfy with a casual glance, one that impels the spectator to wish for hours and hours of time during which to feast his eyes upon the scene and marvel at its wonders. Rugged cliffs flank either side of the waterfall, rising like giant defenders of the silvery clad damsels whose trickling waters murmur sweet music as they went their way toward the broad Pacific but a short distance away.

Sideways have been cut from the solid rock, as though nature had planned for the waters to return to the valley above and thus keep up a continuous falling, even though the heavens refused to send the rains that make possible the Boiling Pots. The Boiling Pots, the writer has been informed, are practically a recent discovery. If this is a fact, it behooves Hilo to tell the world about them and to make arrangements that will make it possible for the visitor to reach them with the least inconvenience.

The Rainbow Falls, while built on different and much smaller lines than Niagara, are superior in size and beauty to a number on the mainland to which constant pilgrimages are being made by nature lovers, who find in them the intoxication that the tippler finds in strong drink. Rainbow Falls can boast a majesty that is unequalled in a majority of those that call for the unstinted praise of thousands who view them. The peculiar rainbow that is said usually to appear above the falls, unfortunately was not in evidence on the morning in question. Aside from this, however, the scene is a beautiful one and in its way equally as impressive as Kilauea or the Boiling Pots.

From the pots the party returned to the Hilo hotel, where the board of trade became the host at a luncheon which was followed by the interment of Mr. Hammer. Dr. H. B. Elliot, president and a live wire of that organization, acted as toastmaster at the luncheon, which was in keeping with the entire trip—the best that could be asked. Speeches were made in profusion. Hiloites told Honolulu that they were glad to have their company. Honolulu's insisted to Hiloites that they would rather be there than anywhere on earth. The luncheon was a huge success. It was a love-feast. Honolulu's loved Hiloites and Hiloites loved Honolulu's. Residents of either city who had been at danger points buried the hatchet in advance of the Hammer funeral and "all was merry as a wedding bell."

Even San Francisco and Los Angeles took a hand in the exchange of pleasantries. Roy D. Johnson, passenger agent for the Santa Fe Railroad in San Francisco, when called upon for a speech, told the assemblage that Hawaii had all of the natural material necessary to make her the gathering point of tourists from around the world, provided the tourists were only reached. He stated that the punch was necessary and pointed to the whirlwind trip of the Ad Club as a sample of the stride that should be maintained in a campaign of publicity. Judge William Young of Los Angeles stated that the trip of the Ad Club and the enthusiasm displayed was the kind of stuff that had been used to make his home the best-advertised city in the United States and the winter home of the wealth of the country.

Mr. Hammer Is Interred

As the speeches drew to a close, Toastmaster Elliot stated that the time had come for the burial of Mr. Hammer, whose remains rested in a beautiful casket and for whom a deep grave had been dug on the lawn immediately in front of the hotel. "At Rest" was inscribed upon the casket and the pallbearers—R. W. Filler, Senator Metzger, R. O. Matheson and Marston Campbell—irreverently carried the remains to the banquet hall where the assemblage passed in review and took a last pleased look at the corpse. A death certificate, issued by Dr. Archer Irwin was read before the ceremony was concluded. It read: "R. I. P. The Knocker."

"If he isn't dead he ought to be. I will sign the death certificate, anyway. He is contagious. He is putrid. He is a pest."

"Let him be buried with hurrahs and zest."

President Farrington of the Ad Club delivered the funeral dirge, which was short and to the point. "Bury the hammer; to hell with it," said the orator as he cast the first handful of earth upon the newly lowered coffin. Volunteers were quickly to the front to aid in covering the remains of the unlamented departed, each member of the party taking a hand in the ceremony and later posing around the grave for a photograph.

Then commenced the return trip. The youthful members of the Ad Club—and even the grizzled veterans—are youthful when on pleasure bent—locked stepped and serpentine around the Hilo wharf to music furnished by the Hilo band. Last good-byes were said and resaid. The good ship Mauna Kea became restless and blew a loud blast and the Honolulu Ad Club party boarded the vessel where, gathered in a corner of the deck they joined in lusty sets of cheers for everybody in Hilo who had contributed to the enjoyment of the visit. Once more the whistles of the Mauna Kea were blown, the Hilo band played Aloha Oe, while Hilo's population, which packed the wharf, with uncovered heads sang Aloha Oe and the excursionists were homeward-bound.

They had "Seen Hawaii First."

But one sad incident marred the otherwise enjoyable trip. Shortly before the Mauna Kea arrived in Hilo it was discovered that a person on board was opposed to the trip, opposed to the Ad Club, opposed to its work—in fact, opposed to everything that makes for advancement. He was quickly bound and trussed and hanged from the yard-arm of the Mauna Kea and that boat sailed from the Hawaii port with all that was mortal of O. U. Knocker dangling on the end of a rope 'twixt heaven and water.

The results of the trip are fully covered by C. F. Merrill in the following: We're a bunch of Ad Club boosters. Now residing on Oahu. We've just been down to Hilo town. For a chummy "How-de-do." Some of us were all-fired dense. On the beauties of Hawaii. But now, you bet, we're all in right. And we know the reason why.

Those Hilo people sure are good. The trip was all worth while; They showed us all they advertised. On that big volcanic isle. They sure lived up to what they said. And could all their statements prove; Now we will boost Hawaii so high. That the stars will have to move.

MATTOON RELEASED ON \$1000 BONDS

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence]

HILO, August 22.—David Mattoon, former assistant bookkeeper of the Lapaohoe Sugar Company, who last week was arrested on a charge of forgery, was released from the Hilo jail Wednesday on furnishing \$1,000 bond. After Mattoon was arrested, he was taken before the North Hilo magistrate, Judge Osorio, and he waived examination and was bound over to the grand jury.

It is claimed Mattoon has made a confession regarding the taking of the money from the sugar company and that he gave as his excuse that he intended to return the money. Another story is that he raised the payroll sums and took the extra money, at first, in order to loan it to a member of his family who wanted to pay a debt. When he was not apprehended at once he kept on taking sums from month to month, it is alleged.

The bond for Mattoon was furnished by Max Campbell and August Antone. Attorney McBride will represent Mattoon when he is tried.

It sometimes happens that a girl's reason for wanting to marry a man is that he doesn't want to marry her.

President Tells of Local Ad Club Aims

Elbert Hubbard Writes Their Creed

Booster Excursion to Hilo City Proved Unqualified Success

By W. R. FARRINGTON.

President of the Honolulu Ad Club.

If you want to know the reason for the success of the Hilo Booster excursion of the Honolulu Ad Club, I would refer you to a few paragraphs of the Adman's Creed written for the Associated Advertising Clubs of America by Elbert Hubbard.

The doctrine runs something like this: "I believe in myself, in the goods I sell, in the firm for whom I work, in my colleagues and helpers, in American business methods, that truth is an asset; I believe in good cheer, and in good health, and I recognize that the first requisite of success is not to achieve the dollar, but to confer benefit, and the reward will come automatically."

This gives you some idea of the spirit that inspires the Ad Club not alone in a booster excursion, but in its general activities. Mr. Thurston said Hilo needed waking up, I doubt if waking up is needed in Hilo any more than in Honolulu. Advertising, good advertising, wakes up any community, and it seems to be generally admitted that the booster excursion was a good advertising feature, well organized and carried through with the drive and enthusiasm which gets results and bespeaks excellent team work. It was different, though, the excursionists followed well worn trails.

I believe we need more enthusiasm and drive and more new material brought into action for living up to the hum drum of business life in our town. There are lots of the younger business men of the city who are not members of and are never heard of through the regulation, standardized blown-in-the-bottle organizations. Yet these men have ideas. They are a part of the community. They are "doing things" in their own line of business, they are live wires, and in my opinion there is every reason for getting them in line of action for community boosting, community advertising, and the promotion of "community spirit."

The Honolulu Ad Club without ostentation, and without presuming to be more than a getting together of live men interested in the great vital force of present day business—advertising—has been pecking along in its own independent way. The members are interested and determined. They are not trying to run the town or to upset the plans of or compete with the regular business organizations. They mean business, though, and



W. R. Farrington, President Honolulu Ad Club.

whether there are seven or seventy at Ad Club luncheons, the members devote their time and effort to live, practical business problems—more especially what might be included under the term advertising and selling. I have always felt that there are crowds of good business men in Honolulu outside the circle that guards our destinies from year to year, and are credited with either frowning upon or viewing with silent disgust anything like a new idea. A small portion of these crowds has come to the front in the Ad Club. If they make good, if they are of the community worth which we believe them to be, the Ad Club will continue to grow and prosper by virtue of its good work. If they don't make good, the Ad Club will travel to that bourne where the incompetent wither and shrivel up. I think the Ad Club and the principles it represents will continue to make good.

The luncheons are held at noon on Wednesday, and every live business man interested in advertising is welcome. The dues for a year are three dollars.

TOOK ORDER FOR HOTEL BILL AS ONE HUGE JOKE

However, G. H. Vicars Repents and Will Take Advantage of Honolulu's Hospitality

G. H. Vicars, of Hilo, who was awarded an order on the Blaisdell hotel at the luncheon to the Honolulu Ad Club tendered by the Hilo Board of Trade last Monday noon, took the matter as a joke at the time, and failed to realize that he was the lucky Hiloite among the large gathering. In explanation of his misunderstanding Mr. Vicars writes to President Farrington as follows:

W. R. Farrington, Esq., President Honolulu Ad Club, Honolulu.

Dear Mr. Farrington:—At the luncheon held at the Hilo Hotel last Monday, I was, unfortunately, seated at the extreme end of the room, opposite you and Dr. Elliot, and behind a pillar, so that I could not hear announcements or speeches by either of you. When a business card of the Blaisdell Hotel was handed me, I supposed I was to participate in some joke about to be perpetrated, and was not convinced to the contrary until after the luncheon.

I desire at this time to express my appreciation of your Club's kindness, and to apologize for not expressing my gratitude at the luncheon. The reason above mentioned accounts for my apparent indifference at the time. I shall avail myself of the courtesy extended me, and will do my best to have others of the Hilo contingent make "The Blaisdell" their headquarters when in Honolulu.

The visit of your club has certainly roused the formerly lethargic Hiloites, and plans are being made to "go you one better" during the civic convention week in Honolulu.

The present indications are that a large and enthusiastic delegation will leave for Honolulu on September 15th next.

With my best wishes for our Ad Club's continued prosperity, I remain, Yours very truly,

G. H. VICARS.

K. OF P. WILL CELEBRATE.

At a meeting of Oahu Lodge, K. of P. No. 1, held at the K. of P. hall last night, it was decided to celebrate the 42nd anniversary of the local lodge on the 29th of this month. The celebration will take the form of a delightful banquet and general good time for the members and brothers visiting in the city.

NEW HILO WHARF IS LARGEST IN ISLAND GROUP

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence]

HILO, August 22.—F. B. McStocker, who was here the first part of the week with the Harbor Commissioners, expressed himself as much pleased with the new Hilo wharf. "It is one of the largest and finest in the islands," he declares. "One has to see it, after it has been completed, to realize how large it really is. Certainly a lot of freight can be handled from this structure," he said. "We expect the federal government to attend to the dredging out of the reef at the entrance to Kulu Bay sometime in October or November, and very shortly after that work will be started on the upper structure of the wharf."

The Harbor Commissioners were not pleased with the decision of the Hilo Board of Trade which favors the construction of an approach to the new wharf, along the lines of the present Keakaha road. "I believe it would be much better to follow the line suggested by us. If an entirely new road is constructed, as suggested, Hilo would then have two roads leading down to the wharf. The present road could be used for light traffic, for the passage of automobiles and buggies, while the new road, we planned to build, could take care of the heavy auto truck and dray traffic."

While the Harbor Commissioners were on the island they had a conference with a committee from the Kohala civic organization about the construction of the Mahukona wharf, and also with a committee from the Kona organization regarding the building of the Kailua wharf.

HAWAII COUNTY WILL TAKE CARE OF NEWSPAPER MEN

HILO, Aug. 22.—Chicago, New York or any other mainland municipality is not to have anything on Hawaii if Chairman Ewaliko of the Board of Supervisors can prevent. Ewaliko is not only ambitious, but he is ambitious for the county as well. His latest mind conception is a municipal record published by the county.

The chairman was asked about this during the week. "I think it is a good scheme," he said. "Maybe we will start one," he added. Ewaliko explained that if the county published a municipal record it would contain a complete record of all the county's activities, including reports of the actions of the board of supervisors and all the different committees. But the scheme is "still a-borin'" and there is nothing definite about it as yet.